1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4



726 cloud of dust. Only their wild yells, the neighing of their horses, and the drumming of the hoofs were audible. The mad rush of the horsemen had made Sadha, my mare, restive; she pulled at her line and gave me to understand that she wanted to be in it too. I grabbed my Mauser and vaulted from the high saddle of my *dhalul* to her back. With a whinny she responded to the pressure of my thighs and careened after the others, extending herself like a gazelle when I, with my face almost touching her mane, called her by name. Closer and closer to the band thundering ahead she carried me, and soon I had overtaken the rearmost and was coming up with Faris and his escort.

●[715] The automobiles now appeared on a ridge and we recognized them at once as battle-cars of the Ruala. We all stopped and waited for their coming. It turned out that they carried Amir Fuaz himself, accompanied by Mijhem and several other men. They had captured in the neighborhood of their camp a scout of the Beni Sakhr. This man had refused to answer questions, and the Amir had forbidden his men to force information from him by torture; yet from the appearance of the spy in that locality, the young chieftain thought it reasonable to infer that the tribe of the Beni Sakhr had also taken arms against the Ruala, who were threatened from the other side as well by the Bishri. He therefore divided our force: two thirds, now under the command of Mijhem, were to remain facing the Bishri; the other third, under Faris, was to swing southeast against the Beni Sakhr.

000 Naturally, I attached myself to Faris's command. Be-